

The World

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NEW YORK IN THE NEXT DECADE.

The humblest citizen within her boundaries has a tangible interest in the irrepressible growth of the New World's greatest city, which is destined at no distant date to absorb the towns and cities that already lean on her, and a great breathing space from the contiguous country.

The bill introduced by Mr. Cramer yesterday creates a commission to inquire into the expediency of taking immediate steps to help destiny in this work of municipal aggrandizement.

It seems to be a good committee and may take measures for the public good. Whether it does or not, the future of New York is assured. She will be the great city of the world in the twentieth century!

STUCK WHEN HE WAS DOWN!

Before the coroner's jury, several members of which were liquor dealers to some extent in the power of the police, Policeman Lavin testified yesterday that he clubbed Cramer "after he (Cramer) was down."

The testimony of Proor's widow would naturally seem to have been of special interest to the jury. But she couldn't speak English, a number of them couldn't understand German and no interpreter was called.

The jury "exonerated" Policeman Patrick Lavin. It should not be forgotten that Policeman Patrick Lavin testified that he clubbed Proor after he (Proor) was "down." It may have been one of those blows that killed Proor. Doesn't anybody want to know more about this case?

WORLDINGS.

Gen. Lew Wallace is writing a new novel similar to "Ben Hur." The scenes are laid in the Orient and the time is two hundred years ago. It will be in press within a few months.

The late Congressman Townsend was the youngest of seven brothers, three of whom joined the Confederate forces while three went into the Union ranks. Mr. Townsend himself was too young to enlist and remained at home to take care of his mother and sisters.

A feather eighteen inches in length, plucked from the wing of a large bald eagle and fashioned into a quill pen, has been sent to the President. It is the gift of a resident of the Oklahoma country.

Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, is not a handsome man, nor does he bear any noticeable resemblance to the typical statesman. He is manly and strong in appearance, but his features are cast in a rugged mould.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

Alderman Carlin said yesterday at a meeting of the Board that he declined to be responsible for the acts of McAllister or any other man who parts his hair in the middle. It is to be observed that the sentiment was tumultuously cheered from the back benches. Yet will the 400 tamely submit to be sat upon by Alderman Carlin? Or will they part their hair on the side and go to raising crows? We trow not!

An Old Master was bought at a storage sale some days ago for \$2.50. Many people who attend an auction sale don't know an Old Master when they see one. Not so Citizen Robert Fullerton. He gobbled it up as a Dominican rooster does a big fat worm that has, beneath a brush-pile, escaped the scrutiny of the old hen. To them—that is, the other buyers at the sale—Mr. Fullerton apparently bought a dusty old canvas in a dingy old frame. But experts say he bought a Velasquez or a Guido—they are not certain which—and that is worth several thousand dollars. The moral of this is that "fine feathers don't make fine birds."

Coffee and doughnuts couldn't carry the day against cocktails and dollars in New Hampshire. But these trophies of sweetened dough may be preserved as perpetual reminders of the battle their bakers and eaters fought against the run demon. Gilded and hung up over the mantel by the side of a shattered run bottle the cookie might easily be made to convey this wormy legend to the young and thirsty soul: Dough Nut Drink!

That rosy old sea-dog, Admiral Porter, proves conclusively that we could knock the stuffing

out of Bismarck should he conclude to chastise Uncle Sam for not knocking down to him in Samoa. There was an old bird—an old, old bird—who sang:

The Admiral's mind seems to be as good as a kingdom. It's a navy.

Money enough seems to have been paid out before the new market opened, even to buy food from its stalls, for an army of paupers.

Mr. Coffey, of Cork, is the latest hoaxer of the London Times. Perhaps our esteemed but slightly biased contemporary would even be willing to publish the escape of the animals in Central Park!

Electrical executions, which a talented young Irish scholar named James O'Gordon Duffy has aptly named electrocides, have been tried on dogs and horses. But if it comes to a test of taking life, why is the animal that has the most lives neglected? What's the matter with cats?

They played before the Prince of Wales, and London swelled all looked on, Loud cheered the beauty and the ton Whose verdict over there never falls

To stamp a triumph!

Who thus before the Prince did play? Some to the Prince, the drama's pride? Some diva of a fame world-wide Whom managers large fortunes pay To cross the seas to sing and play?

No, no, my boy, they were the lads Who raked in glory, strikes and soads And everlasting fame and balls Within the Polo Ground's high walls;

They were the baseball champions— The heroes of a hundred runs!

We Astonished the Public.

The Evening World of yesterday astonished its multitudinous readers by printing, on its first page, facsimiles of THE EVENING WORLD of March 12, 13, 14 and 15, the blizzard quartet of 1888. Every word was legible, and the pictures as suggestive now as then. The World was enabled to do this through facilities afforded by E. M. Gill, who reproduces books entire in facsimile, and engravings for all illustrative purposes, by a process known as photo-electrotyping. As an evidence of what can be done in the hurried endeavors of a daily newspaper, by this process, the first page of THE EVENING WORLD is simply perfect.

Whitney at His Successor's Banquet.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney not only was a guest, but is slated for an address at the complimentary dinner to be given to his successor, Secretary Tracy, at the Brooklyn Club, Saturday night.

To Fight the Conspiracy Laws.

The Trust Convention Committee on the repeal of the Conspiracy laws meets to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock at 145 Eighth street. All labor organizations are expected to send delegates.

A Left-Handed Compliment.

(From Judge.)



Muley—Do you notice what a restful feeling it gives you to smoke a quiet cigar?

Hassan—Yes; these of yours particularly. I know of only one thing that would give a more relaxing effect.

Muley—What's that?

Hassan (as his wrapper comes off)—Morphine.

He Apologized.

(From the Evening Post.)

"Say! he began as they met in a saloon. 'I owe you an apology.'"

"Do you? I didn't know it."

"But I do. I have wronged you."

"How?"

"For the last fifteen years I have supposed that your brother Tom was hung for murder, and I have told a hundred people so. I was mistaken."

"I wish to apologize like a man."

"All right—your apology is accepted."

"No, wasn't hung at all, was he?"

"Just went to State Prison for life."

"Well, here's my hand, and I hope you won't lay it up against me. What'll you take?"

Either Very Dull or Very Sharp.

Slippery Sam (in Philadelphia)—Say, Jerry, 'tain't no use. I'm goin' back to York.

Cool Jerry—What's der matter, pard?

"I worked a chump for a thousand down on Chestnut street, an' so help me when I got back ter th' hotel I found they was Confetti'n' bills. Folks here ain't heard that th' war's over."

"A Living Testimonial."

MEASURES, RIKEN & SON: BROOKLYN, Jan. 23, 1888.

I am a living testimonial to the efficacy of your COMPOUND Sarsaparilla as a Liver Medicine, Tonic and Blood-purifier. I have been troubled for years with Liver Complaint, but three bottles of your Sarsaparilla have cured me. I have never felt better in my life. Although a poor man, a MILLION DOLLARS could not give me what your medicine has—health and strength.

Respectfully, W. E. BYRNE, 508 Waverly ave., Brooklyn, L. I.

All weaknesses and weaknesses in children relieved by MORRIS'S TREATING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

THOSE SNAKES

Can or Cannot They Live in Ireland?

How to See Irish Snakes.

There are no snakes in Ireland. St. Patrick drove them out of Ireland and it of fended the devil so much that he gathered all the banished snakes and made Irish whiskey out of them, to get even with St. Patrick.

P. S.—If any one does not believe this let him drink Irish whiskey and he may see the snakes.

Does the Shamrock Kill Them?

It is believed when St. Patrick blessed the land of Ireland he banished every snake; that, of course, seems incredible. It is also asserted that it is the shamrock that drives the snake from Ireland. This might be possible, as it was tested a few years ago in Brooklyn, but I don't know whether the test was real. This test was the result of a bet. The men obtained a glass case, put a snake in it, also a shamrock. The snake immediately stretched out its head, scented the shamrock, hastily drew back its head, coiled itself, and in an hour was extinct.

FRANCIS J. STEREO, 191 Franklin street, Greenpoint.

They Won't Crawl Over Irish Soil.

To the Snake Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to your snake question I must say that I don't think it's possible for a snake to live in Ireland. I lived there until I was eighteen years of age, and at such creatures have known something about them. While in England I formed an acquaintance with a man named Marston, from Leeds, York, shire, whom I heard telling to a mixed party of English, Scotch and Irish an incident of his own observation which seemed to me to be curious, as I knew the man to be thoroughly reliable. He said his father, who was a small farmer, bought a wagon-load of potatoes just brought from Ireland, and after using them he found some Irish soil on the spot where he kept them. On account of hearing from some of his English neighbors that the soil of Ireland was deadly poison to snakes, he became determined to know whether such was truth or humbug. So he formed the soil into a ring in his garden and put a snake in the centre of it. He said the snake remained in the circle until it died.

E. F. CUMMINS, 613 Hudson street.

More Testimony in the Negative.

To the Snake Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to your question, "Are There Any Snakes in Ireland?" the writer will say, in all earnestness and sincerity, there are none.

To my mind, the letter in yesterday's issue of your paper from the gentleman who signs himself "Muldoon" is credible and very probable. The case that he relates by no means the only instance where a test has resulted in a similar manner. His statement can undoubtedly be borne out by the results of a test at any time.

History and tradition go to show that reptiles are unknown in the Emerald Isle since the days of St. Patrick, and it is safe to say if you were to search the whole island, from Antrim to Cork, and from Dublin to Galway, including every foot of Ireland's 32,000 square miles, not one single solitary snake, serpent, reptile, or anything in that line you would find.

On one occasion I was an eye-witness to a test far more trying and demonstrative than the ordinary methods of experiment. The test was this: A circle was formed on American soil by men imported from the banks of the River Shannon in Ireland. Then an ordinary-sized, apparently healthy snake was placed in the centre of the circle. To the surprise of most of the lookers on, the reptile remained within the circle to be slowly burned to death sooner than trespass on the Irish soil. It preferred death by fire to touching it.

The EVENING WORLD is certainly an enterprising journal, and no doubt it would find such an experiment instructive and valuable, and to those who doubt the veracity of this assertion I will say let them make the test.

MULDOON'S BROTHERS DAN.

New York, March 1.

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thick and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling. It increases in popularity every year, for it is the ideal spring medicine.

Early last spring I was very much run down, had nervous headache, felt miserable and all that. I was very much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla and recommended it to my friends. MRS. J. M. TAYLOR, 1119 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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WHERE LAUGHTER REIGNS.

A COLLECTION OF WITTY SAYINGS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Not Entirely Cleaned Out.

(From Judge.)

Boston Father—This can't be my son! His Son (from the Nebraska sheep ranch)—Yes it can, dad, and he's got something left, too. Most of the fellows lost everything they had.

An Advantage of Marine Burial.

(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.)

First Pittsburgher—I tell you there are no flies on my uncle.

Second Pittsburgher—How so?

"He was buried at sea."

A Peculiar Climate.

(From Texas Shiftings.)

Jones (to his friend just returned from Canada)—What sort of a climate is it in Canada, anyhow?

Smith—The most peculiar climate you ever saw. Alderman O'Hallerty, of New York, is Charles Montgomery in Canada. It's the only climate I ever saw that could change a man's name. Singular, isn't it?

A Grave Defect in the Play.

Manager—I don't like the dude in your play. Author—What's the matter with him?

"He is not sufficiently stupid. You must throw more idiocy and imbecility into the role of the dude, for there will be a lot of experts from Fifth avenue in the audience."

In a Stationery Store.

(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.)

Young Lady Customer—Why, this box of writing-paper is perfumed with a violet odor. How queer. What do you do that for?

Clerk—So that your correspondence can be kept inviolate, miss.

"How nice. I'll take four boxes."

The New York Boy.

(From the Texas Shiftings.)

The New York boy is not precisely a child of the devil, but for malicious mischief he is hard to beat. One of them was overheard initiating a strange boy from the lawless South into the mysteries of New York life.

"Why is winter the best time to throw stones at windows," said the New York boy.

"Because, you see, the houses have double windows, and you can break two panes with one throw, and you only get one licking, just the same as if you had only broken one pane."

A Healthy Town.

(From America.)

"Where have you passed your vacation?" asked one clerk of another.

"At the beautiful village of Z."

"Is it a healthy locality?"

"Healthy! It's so healthy that in order to start a new cemetery they were obliged to assassinate an inhabitant."

Our Natural Resources.

(From Texas Shiftings.)

First New Yorker—Did you read that silver has been discovered in Alaska?

Second New Yorker—That's nothing. In New York City greenbacks in large quantities were discovered—just about the time the market stands were rented.

An Apology, After All.

(From Texas Shiftings.)

Mr. Stern—You acted very impolitely to me last night at the ball when you were intoxicated. I think you should apologize.

Young Blowhard—I will not apologize to or for any man.

Is that so? Well, don't you think you yourself are an apology for a man?

The Plumber Again Poses as the Successful Man of Resources.

A real-estate owner in Brooklyn had a very troublesome tenant in one of his flats. The people were forever finding fault with something, and if there wasn't any real trouble in their flat they would imagine there was, and would chase the poor landlord until in self-defense he would have a repairer come.

One morning last week the head of the family came down and told the landlord that the kitchen sink was out of order and that the family was becoming sick from the effects of sewer gas.

The landlord said he would attend to the trouble immediately, and he started for his plumber.

"Now John," said he, to the man of traps, "these people on the top floor are

MISS HUBBELL ON THE MAKE.

DR. BLISS'S ACCUSER NOW WANTS \$25,000 FROM LAWYER LAWTON.

Says He Has Slandered Her to New York Clubmen—Col. Gebhard, Formerly of That Club, Mixed Up in the Case—The First Skirmish in the Legal Battle Goes Against Blame.

Miss Bessie Hubbell wants "boodle." She is only twenty-two years of age, stately and beautiful, but evidently she is a convert to the faith of Mona Caird that marriage is a failure.

She has always lived with her mamma and brothers in Fifty-ninth street, but in 1887 she sued Dr. Charles Bliss, of West Fifty-first street for breach of promise of marriage, and asked for \$20,000 damages, alleging that while treating her professionally the doctor had behaved to her very unprofessionally under promise of making her his wife and then had gone off and married another woman.

The case dragged along till January last, when, on the 23d, it had reached the first place on Justice Barrett's Supreme Court calendar.

But when it was called Counselor Charles Forster arose and said:

"May it please the court, Dr. Bliss has been called before a higher tribunal."